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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning April 19, 1855

INDUCEMENTS.

The clouds that rest on the mountain's breast
Are kissed by the rosy dawn;
And the western breeze kisses the trees,
And wags the flowers fair—
And the weeping willows are kissed by the willows,
And the day-star kisses the sea—
Then why not dearest, loved, friend,
Give a kiss to me?

And the bright moonbeam kisses the stream,
The hill and the peaceful vale;
And the shady brook at evening hour,
Is wooed by the nightingale—
And the lily and rose and each flower that blows
Are kissed by the forest breeze—
Then why not dearest, loved, friend,
Give a kiss to me?

A WARNING.

It was in the summer of 1846, as I was traveling in the upper part of the State of Vermont, on horse back, I was suddenly overtaken by a thunder storm. I put my horse at full speed; and as he was a pretty smart traveler, reached the village of Vergennes as the rain poured down in torrents. I stopped at a neat little cottage sheltered by honey-suckle and woodbine, and was greeted by a cordial welcome from the occupants, especially mine host, who was the pattern of Yankee hospitality.

He was a short, thick-set old gentleman, polite and courteous. His hair was whitened with the frosts of many years, and his pale white countenance was furrowed with care; yet his face would brighten up as the merry throng around him jumped on his knee and kissed his ashy lips. On the whole it appeared to me that he had some better days; and, after I had been with them some time, in the course of conversation about the wealthy mine in the great cities, he informed me that he himself could once count his thousands, and that in his younger days he had traveled over many parts of Europe, but that, being fond of a mercurial friend whose credit was considered reliable, by the change in the market in some uncertain business, he failed and made a bankrupt of him, and after paying his honest debts, he had but enough left to buy the small farm he now occupied, where he and his family lived in happy retirement.

As the rain continued, they invited me to stop to tea, assuring me that my horse should be well provided for, and that it would put them to no serious inconvenience. Supper came, and we sat down to a nice dish of pretty speckled brook trout. After supper, I was invited to stay all night. He told me that as I was a traveler, he would tell me of a little adventure he had when he was in Paris. He said he liked to warn young people not to be allured into places where they would be likely to get caught by the police.

"It was about the middle of an afternoon, in the month of September, that I arrived at Paris, and entered my name at a well known hotel. After supper I took a stroll around some of the principal streets of the capital, and concluded to go to the theatre in the evening. Evening came; it was warm and pleasant, just suited to my pleasure. Off I started, to relieve ennui. It was just 11 o'clock when it was done, and I wandered around to enjoy my silent reveries of home, and take a moonlight view of the noted metropolis. How far I wandered I could not tell, when raising my eyes suddenly, I saw a female form, arrayed in white, leaning against the lamp post. She stood there, more like an angel of beauty than a mischievous elf. As I neared she stepped forward, bowed, and told me that by some mistake her partner had lost her. She was afraid to go home alone and wished that I would accompany her home. She was sorry to put me to so much inconvenience, but she was really afraid to go. I who was then a young man, politely took her arm, and proceeded as she directed. She led me through numerous streets, until we came to a very pleasant looking brick house of two stories. She stopped, entered, and went up one flight of stairs into a small bedroom, neatly furnished, and left me, without a light, to call her mother, who would be glad to see a gentleman who had been so kind as to wait upon her home. Suddenly I thought I had better go, I had done them but a slight service at best. I went to the door to go out. It was fastened. I was a prisoner! My mind conceived all sorts of ideas regarding my welfare; but I felt now that I was in an abode of wickedness. The artful woman had entrapped me. A feeling of fear began to start over me.

I looked around for a place of egress, but could see none. At last I came in contact with something—it was a bed. Perhaps it might be placed near a window. As I was groping around, my feet hit against something under the bed. It seemed like a human body. I stooped down and felt it. It was a human body warm, in its last sleep—the sleep of death. My hair stood on its ends and my teeth chattered with inward terror. I could hear a police posse clattering on the pavements. They were on the stairs. My fate was sealed. The gullows would be satisfied with the blood of the innocent; there would be no hope for me; I was a foreigner in a foreign land; no counsel could save me from my inevitable doom. Luckily, the moon just then peeped through the long looked-for window, and I jumped on a shed near by, from whence some fifeed feet to the ground. My hotel I soon reached, and sought my bedroom, to dream of my remarkable escape. In the morning, as I took up a newspaper, I read the following:—

"Murder.—Last night, about 12 o'clock, the cry of murder rose from the second story of a house of ill-fame in the street. On entering the building, the murderer, as is supposed, escaped through the window, leaving his victim under the bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The police are on his track, and will arrest him by noon if he is in the city."

After reading this, I quickly settled my bill, and left the city, resolved that I never would go home with another strange woman.

Plant Early.

If the spring is cold, and backward, we often hear the farmers say, "corn is better out of the ground, than in it."

Well, now, friends, you were never more mistaken in your lives. If the frost is out of the ground, and the weather warm enough to sprout it, corn had better be in the ground. It may be kept back, like a talented step-son, but its energies are accumulating, and as soon as a favorable opportunity offers, its latent powers will show themselves.

While the top is kept down by the chill air its roots, protected by the earth, are spreading, and striking deep, which will enable it to stand the heat and drought of mid-summer.

Corn tops will not grow much while the thermometer is below seventy degrees, but the roots will, so that they become disproportioned to the top. Corn planted later, will often overtake it in growth, but the earlier planted will ripen at least two weeks earlier than the late planted, and having so much root, is not so much injured by the drought.

For a good, full crop, corn should be planted so as to glaze before the middle of September. You may as well undertake to ripen watermelons by moonshine, as corn by the bleak winds of October.

Plant Early.—Ohio Farmer.

Eloquence is not the art of addressing men in public—it is the gift of strong feeling, accurate thought, extensive knowledge, splendor of imagination, force of expression and the power of communicating in written or spoken language, to other men, the idea, the feeling, the conviction of truth, the admiration for the beautiful, the deposition to uprightness, the enthusiasm for virtue, the devotion to duty, the heroic love of country, and the faith in immortality which makes men honorable—the feeling heart, the clear head, the sound judgment, the popular knowledge, the artistic imagination, the ardent patriotism, the manly courage, the attachment to liberty, the pious philosophy, and, lastly, the religious consonant with the most exalted idea of the divinity, which render the individual good, the people great, and the human race sacred. It supposes in the possession and exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties that are involved in speech; the power of the human word.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT GREEK SCULPTURE.—Letters from Athens, mention the discovery of 300 antique statues, or fragments of sculpture, recently brought to light by excavations at Argos, on the site of the Temple of Juno. These precious remains of ancient art have been recovered by the Greek Government; and, if it had any large spirit or interest in archeology, Argos possesses within its classic soil quarries of invaluable works of sculpture buried in the ruins of the ancient city, and which might be reclaimed at no great cost. Indeed, the sites of the old Greek temples, in many districts, excavated by the government or by the capital of associations, would probably, by sale of the works discovered, amply repay the outlay.

USEFUL INVENTION FOR DRAUGHT HORSES.—Mr. W. Rice of Boston, Lincolnshire, has patented an invention, which will tend greatly to decrease the labor of draught horses. It consists of a spring link, formed of steel or Indian rubber, attached to the traces, each chain, or any part of the harness, so that instead of a horse taking a dead pull at starting, and frequently coming down, the load is gradually admitted to the shoulder, by which means the collar forms a complete cushion, and prevents both sore shoulders and broken knees. Liverpool Paper.

A QUEER REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE DOGS

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

During our excursion, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie dogs had been discovered upon the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals, I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the far west; about which travellers delight to tell marvellous tales, endowing him at times with something of the political and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy, almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

The prairie dog is an animal of the cony kind, about the size of the rabbit. He is of a very sprightly, mercurial nature, quick sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping business to each other's houses, or congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gambling together in the open air. Sometimes—especially when the moon shines—they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance. Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the habits of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much curious speculation and burlesque remarks among the hunters of the far west.

It was toward evening that I set out, with a companion, to the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community into confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrance of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts to keep a look out. At the sight of us the picket guards scampered in, and gave the alarm, whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp or bark, and dived in his hole, his heels twinkling in the air, as if he had thrown a somersault.

We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but in vain. Moving quietly to a little distance, we laid down upon the ground and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a great distance, would emerge entirely, but catching a glance of us would throw a somersault, and plunge back again in his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence, possibly, of some family connection or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences. Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

We rose from the ground, and moved forward to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when yelp! yelp! yelp! there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meeting suddenly disbanded; feet twinkled in the air in every direction, and in an instant all had vanished into their holes. The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain, by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little, politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard, in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assembly and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic.

Burns fell in love when in his sixteenth year, at which time he committed the sin of rhyming. Poor fellow! He had his hands and heart full after that, though it proved a blessing to the world. His first song was written in behalf of his "bonnie, sweet, souse lass," who, unwittingly to himself, initiated him into that delicious passion, love.

"Only Some Laborer's Child."

Anson G. Chester, the poet editor of the Buffalo Express, writes as follows touching the aristocratic tendencies of the present age:—

The individual distinctions, barriers, demarcations, which so infest the present time are among the greatest pests of society. There would be no such thing, as upper and lower classes, if men and women were not poisoned by the hurtful venom of Fashion and Aristocracy. We owe our present condition to ourselves, and stand alone in our opinions of men.

"Only some laborer's child!" A pretty speech for the lips of a woman to utter.—She must forget the origin of Jesus—she cannot have read the story of Bethlehem. Perhaps she has even forgotten her own birth history. We wonder how her children are—whether they are more beautiful promising and brilliant than the children of her poorer neighbors. Have known many a rich man to father a deformity. Perhaps this lady is the mother of a young wretch who smokes cigars, wears staid collars, and drinks Oard, in his fourteenth year.

"Only some laborer's child!" Oh, how we hate such nonsense. And yet the term contains a compliment. God knows we would rather have that little girl's mother for our daughter than the son of the exquisite feminine who uttered this sentence. Labor is honorable, glorious. We have yet to find that any such characteristics pertain to soft-headed aristocracy. We have yet to learn that money and station enlarge the heart, expand the soul and multiply the moral principles of our being. If justice was done, the crown would be placed upon the brow of the peasant, and kings would do the grubbing.

We hope the "lady" who made the remark which forms the subject of this article, will ponder over what we have written, and see if the sneer looks well in print.—We lay a reasonable wager that she, herself, was nursed by a poor mother, and that her station is due to chance rather than desert. This may be plain talk, but it is honest.

"Only a laborer's child!" A ruby to a rose that this very child does more good, gains more affection, and lies down in a more tranquil grave than the "lady" whose sneer we have thus recorded.

LAME AND LAZY.—Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker, he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What, ask for a cracker and receive a loaf?"

"Well, I will ask for a loaf," said Lazy, who applied to Charity and called for a loaf of bread.

"Your demand for a loaf," said Charity, "proves that you are a loafer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive not; you ask me."

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity, or a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise. "Ask and you shall receive."

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity.—Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost his wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy. Charity replied,—"It means that Charity feeds the lame and feeds the lazy."

Lazy turned to go. "Stop," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give you counsel. Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you a rich aunt."

"Rich aunt," echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, sixth chapter and sixth verse."

Moral.—Instead of waiting for an uncle to die go and see how a rich aunt lives.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to do work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to be ill-stirred and worse boiled,"

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained & nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefooted."

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing will hinder you from accumulating.

The Basin of the Atlantic Ocean.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that the waters which he called seas might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn so as to expose to view this great seagash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic and Antarctic it would present a scene the most rugged, grand and imposing.

The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us, at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, 'tis thousand fearful wrecks,' with that dreadful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls, and inestimable stores, which in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable step, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged with the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along this plateau from the Eastern shores of Newfoundland to the Western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1,600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—Professor Maury.

Don't Overtask the Young Brain.

Dr. Robertson says, the minds of children ought to be little, if at all, tasked, till the brain's development is nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years. And will those years be wasted? or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental power and capacity than one who is differently treated? Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is open to the infant's eye, and the child's prying investigation; and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have been published.—But even supposing those years to have been absolutely lost, which is any thing but the case, will the child be eventually a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not. Task the mind during the earlier years, and you only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain—not only, it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of brain, that may one day end in insanity—but by so doing, to all intents and purposes, the mind will be a loser in its powers and capabilities.

Why does Land Produce Weeds?

Because there is more wild, or fibrous matter in the soil, accumulated by ages of the growth and decomposition of vegetation, than there is of that property required for the crops we wish to raise.

As we have often said, burn a plant, and the ashes will show what the soil is composed of. The ashes are what is drawn from the earth. By the decomposition, what was drawn from the atmosphere, has been liberated, and escaped in the form of gas. The ashes are mineral, and never exist, naturally, in the atmosphere.

The ashes of all plants, consist of the same substances, only in different proportions. Like soap, which is grease, and alkali, but when properly combined, are neither, but a new compound. So with soils. If the compound is largely wild, or vegetable, it will produce weeds, make an excess of phosphate of lime, and it will as naturally produce wheat; give it an excess of alkali, and it will produce potatoes. A farmer should fit his crop to the soil, or his soil for his crop.—Ohio Farmer.

Music in the Family.

A clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the ordinary practice of music. They were all observed to be amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "when anything disturbs their tempers, I say to them, sing; and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and they sing away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might seem to fit a family for the company of angels.—Young voices around the domestic hearth, breathing sacred music at the hour of the morning and evening devotions are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

Books may furnish us with ideas; experience may improve our judgment; but it is an acquaintance with accomplished females alone which can bestow that facility of address and suavity of manner which distinguishes the gentleman from the scholar or man of business.

We may live by forms, but there is no dying by forms.

THEN ROSE THE PRESS.

BY J. W. GALLY.

When moody lips had ceased to clench
Toward Wisdom's temple doorway,
And darkness lay upon the way
Of learning and of story,
The multitude were rude,
Unlettered and neglected,
And woman sat as everywhere
Abused or half respected.
The Church-bell toll'd of learning old,
The priest told of holy letters;
And wisdom's light grew dimly bright
For want of a reader.
Then rose the Press to put redress
Upon the world's ambition,
And spreading light and love and right,
Has bettered man's condition!

When Science pined for want of mind
To nourish and protect her,
And Wisdom's light grew dimly bright
For want of a reader,
When Progress' step was long and slow,
Her thinking head in sorrow,
Or spoke with dread, in language dead,
Of something far to-morrow—
When landed lords with pompous words,
Assailed the weak and lowly,
And swords in hands reduced the lands
For purposes unholy—
Then rose the Press to put redress
Upon the world's ambition,
And spreading light and equal right,
Has bettered man's condition!

When churchmen rude old Parson withstood
And call'd him a magpie,
And dandies' hearts with all their heart
And Catholic precision—
When mountebanks, with tricks and pranks,
Made bigot darkness deeper,
And old-wife-lore was habited o'er
To soothe the troubled sleeper—
When right of herds and madmen's words
Were solemn legislation,
The comet's tail was told in wall
And fearful agitation—
Then rose the Press to put redress
Upon the world's ambition,
And spreading peace, good common sense,
Has bettered man's condition!

Astronomy.

It seems to us that in this science we are fast approaching a point where we need the guidance rather of a new Plato than of a new Bacon or Newton. The telescope of Lord Rosse has sounded our present astronomy to its real depths. Few more great prizes are reserved, we suspect, in that starry sea. We have attained the knowledge that the stars are old, that they are of one stuff, and that there is no visible end to their numbers. What more of any moment, in this direction, by our present methods, is ever likely to be reached by us? It is like walking through a pine forest of vast extent and uniform aspect, a few miles tire and satisfy us. So now, the news of "stars, stars, stars," pouring on us in everlasting succession—all like each other, all distant all inscrutable, and ever silent, the moral history of all unknown—produces very little effect, and the mid-might heavens of modern astronomy become again, as to the eye of childhood, a mighty and terrible pageant or procession, the meaning and the purpose, the whither and the whence, of which we do not understand. And we are tempted, to say to astronomers, as the prate of their new firmaments, and planets, and comets:—"We knew something like this long ago; you can't give us some light on the meaning of these distant orbs? or read us off some worthy lessons of moral interest from that ever widening but never-clearing page?"

And to cry out to the stars, "Speak as well as shine, ye glorious mutes in the halls of heaven! Shed down on some selected and favored ear the true meaning of your mystic harmonies! Hieroglyphics, traced by the finger of God on the walls of night, when shall the Daniel arrive to interpret you, and to tell us whether ye contain tidings of hope or of despair? Stargazers have looked at you long enough, and mathematicians weighed and measured you; when shall the eye of the Russian eye of a true seer—lift itself up to your contemplation, and extract the heart of your mystery? If not, men soon turn away from you in disappointment, and look with much hope on the bright foam-bells of an autumn ocean as on you, the froth of immensity."—Gilfillan.

Mothers.

I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtue of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—Dickens.

A mother who has brought up a large family of children with eminent success, was once asked by a younger one, what she would recommend in the case of her children who were too carefully educated. "I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect," she replied.

The glorious spirit of an infant, is the star to guide the mother to its own blissful home.—Sigourney.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Benedict.

Grounds Around Houses.

There is nothing in a knowledge of which our countrymen are more deficient, than in laying out and properly planting and cultivating the grounds around their dwellings. Very often they are not laid out, nor planted at all, but are left in a state of primitive bleakness, or only ornamented by objects of confusion and disorder. Where improvement is actually attempted, the result is not unfrequently a combination of inconvenience and stiffness; and very few neatly, economically and tastefully laid out grounds are to be met with. Why should not this art, which every living man in the country ought to practice, be taught in our higher schools? Latin and Greek are excellent studies for those who have plenty of time and means for these as well as other departments of knowledge; but for such as cannot master all, would not the months consumed on Tacitus and Thucydides, be more profitably spent on those fascinating and eminently useful studies, drawing and architecture, in connection with landscape gardening? When will the time come that the latter will have only an equal chance with the former? Time once lost never returns; and it is of the highest consequence that those who direct the mode that young people shall spend it at the most critical of all periods in their lives, should study carefully the best modes for accomplishing so all important an object.—Country Gentleman.

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never to resent supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion to relate it.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from me in political and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor any ecclesiastic.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and of those who are near to me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity. Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

An ANCIENT CHURCH DISCOVERED.—An interesting discovery has been made and communicated by the Rev. N. M. Eddy, missionary of the American Board in Aleppo, Syria. On a visit to Antioch, he found the remains of an old church, which tradition, whose authority in this case may be unquestioned, ascribes to the early Christians. The ruins are in the face of the rocky side of the mountain, and the part that remains is the part which was hewed out some thirty feet deep in the rock, with two arches which support the roof and the pavement of the remainder of the church before it. Some of the paint yet remains upon its arched walls. There are remains of a burning ground before it, and many tombs of considerable size cut out in the rock at its sides.

THE LANGUAGE OF FINE WOOD.—In North Carolina, it is frequent, among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable, with an eye painted upon it. It signifies, "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimen of a knot. This signifies, "pine not." But if, on the other hand, she detests him, (there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration with young women,) she burns one end of his message; and this generally throws the young man into despair, for it means, "I make light of your pining."

SMALL FARM.—Crest Profit.—The Toledo Republican notices the farm of one of our subscribers, G. S. Bred near that city, which shows what can be done with a few acres. "A little farm well tilled, is a beautiful of rural life, and when we go to the country to finish up our mortal career, we bespeak not over five acres for a homestead. The Republican says:—

"Mr. Bred has less than twenty-five acres under cultivation, (which he thinks was about half tilled,) and his net profits during the past year exceed \$1,000. He promises us a statement, giving the particulars. While such results can be accomplished in a season like the last, let no man complain of the difficulty of making a living at farming. It is proper to say that Mr. Bred's idea of good farming differs very much from those many who follow the business."

Women govern us; let us try to render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men.